

GAY CLUB LIFE FOR KITCHEN MAIDS.

Organized Three Hundred Strong for Study and Recreation.

Have Well-Appointed Quarters and Rich Patronesses to Back Them.

Next Season They Will Have Their Own Cottage at Bath Beach.

PIANO PLAYING IS A FEATURE.

Then There Are Recitations, With and Without Dialect; Selections from the Operas and Tea Drinking.

Mrs. Helen Campbell, special lecturer in the School of Economics of the University of Wisconsin, arrived here from Boston



GRATEFUL ANNIE OR, BOB CUTTING'S BOOTS.

Being the Story of a Sixteen-Year-Old Girl Who Pilfered.

Was Arraigned for Stealing Eyeglasses, Gloves, Stockings and Feathers.

Only Had to Polish Mr. and Mrs. Cutting's Boots, Make Beds, Sweep, Dust, Etc., Etc.

BUT WAS A SHOCKING INGRATE.

Fortunately Her Master and Mistress Did Not Appear in Court, and Magistrate Jerome Suspended Sentence.

The ingratitude of Annie Powers was the sensation of the Court of Special Sessions yesterday.

Dress her mistress's hair. Make Mrs. Cutting's toilet. Be generally useful around the house. Dress Mrs. Cutting for the evening. Undress her after the evening's entertainment. This programme began at 9 o'clock in the morning, and it was usually 1 or 2 o'clock the next morning before Mrs. Cutting, fresh from a social triumph, got to sleep and the maid was at liberty.

Some Exemptions She Enjoyed. All this the girl testified to. She said she was not allowed an afternoon or evening out, to be sure, but on the other hand, she did not have to spit wood, shingle the roof or act as coachman, and outside assistance was even called in to tune the piano and paint the house. And at the end of every month she would get \$8.

With all these inducements to remain honest, the girl stole from her benefactors. She confessed her guilt, admitting that she had taken a pair of eyeglasses valued at \$2.50, four pairs of gloves worth \$6, a pair of stockings worth \$1.50, two feathers, a note book, tooth and face powder, two paper novels and a pack of cards—the total of the loot amounting, according to Mr. Cutting's figures, to \$12.00.

Though Mr. Cutting could not but feel kindly toward the young girl who polished his boots, his sense of duty would not permit him to let her go. Mrs. Cutting, the "Gambus Angel," interested herself in the young girl, who had so failed to appreciate it, and interceded for her with Magistrate Jerome.

No Accusers Appeared in Court. The Magistrate asked a question or two about the boot polishing, and then, seeing his throat and scolding the girl, advised her of the sin of stealing and what it might lead to. The enormity of dishonesty was made plain to her and a penitent never listened to a worthier and more earnest sermon.

"I wouldn't be afraid to bet four to one that the judge wishes she had touched that cheap dude for a thousand," murmured a sporting lawyer near the bench.

Maybe the Justice did not hear the remark. At all events, he paid no attention to it. Subpoena Server A. C. Woodward, of the Special Sessions, who had tried to find Mr. Cutting, submitted an affidavit stating that he had looked for Cutting at No. 405 West Boulevard, the residence of the former actress and her husband, and also at No. 405 West End avenue, and that, "upon information received," he was "satisfied that Robert L. Cutting lived at neither address."

The Justice, after some more good advice to the girl, suspended sentence and let her go.

IN THE HEAT OF PASSION. Levy and Bauer, Giants in Strength, Human in Peace, Animal in Anger, Murder the End.

Henry Levy is a carpenter—a deep-chested, thick-necked fellow, with an exaggerated notion of the value of his thumbs and a pride in never "taking water." Adam Bauer is the foreman of a butcher shop—a long-armed, strong man, more used to cursing than coaxing, and a master hand at getting work out of his assistants.

Yesterday Levy and Bauer came into collision. Neither knew how to step back. The cold carpenter is lying at Flower Hospital with a fractured skull, waiting for death, and the aggressive butcher is in jail, awaiting the result of the injuries he inflicted.

There wasn't much to fight about. Levy was doing some carpenter work in the butcher shop, at No. 781 First avenue, where Bauer is employed. Bauer and his assistants were putting sides of meat in a box and Levy provided that they were incommensurate with his work. Bauer snarled back, and then each tried to overtake the other by the shore of violence and a profusion of profanity.

In a moment they were at it. It may not have been the end of the fight, but just as Levy got his thumb turned in so that in another moment he would have had Bauer's eye out on his cheek, Bauer's assistants jumped in and separated them. Levy's code admitted of no drawn battle. As soon as he was clear of the hammering butcher's hands he made for his door again, grabbing up a hatchet in his rush.

Bauer backed away, and he got where he could reach a heavy billet of wood. He grabbed this, and as the furious carpenter came on he let him have the log right under the left ear. Levy has not regained consciousness yet. The emphysema surgeon says his skull is fractured, and he will probably die.

Away back in 1882, so she testified before Judge Bischoff yesterday, she met the Doctor. It was in the College of Dentistry in this city where she had gone with an aching tooth. Dr. Sabater, who had a wife then, although she did not know it, received her, and it seems, fell in love with her sweet face. He could not give personal attention to the fair girl patient, but assigned a certain crippled doctor to the task.

The aching tooth was soothed, and the patient went away relieved, but she frequently returned, each time with other teeth that needed treatment, and each time she met the dark-haired doctor. In short, she was wooed and won in a dentist's chair.

When His Visitors First Begun. Soon, so she says, the dentist began to call at her home, always with a pretty gift. Sometimes it was a basket of flowers, sometimes a box of bouquets. Finally he gave her an engagement ring (an expression which reminded her lovingly of him) set with three twinkling diamonds. She took it, kissed it, and as she did so, Dr. Sabater, according to her testimony, said: "This ring is to establish our future and to bind us together for life."

Miss Reilly went as she recounted these and other incidents of her courtship, and the tears would have trickled down through her black veil if she had not lifted it. But she was brave. She told how ardently the Doctor had made love to her and of their joyful times to Washington, to Baltimore and the World's Fair, and of the fine home at which they always sojourned.

"It was happy, so happy, in his love," she exclaimed. "The Doctor said he hoped I would want I said and he hugged me and kissed me and repeated that he loved me. He got down on his knees to me on many occasions, and to her testimony, she swore that he was single, unmarried and free, I believed him. I thought he was sincere in his intention to marry me as soon as he had saved \$5,000 to add to the \$10,000 he owned in West Tenth street. But he failed to keep his word."

Love Letters Not Read. At about this period in the plaintiff's plaintive recital, Lawyer Abe Hummel displayed a bundle of love letters that must have weighed at least five pounds. The little man seemed to stagger under their weight as he passed them up to be read, but their contents were not disclosed, owing to the sustained objections of Lawyer O'Kennedy for Dr. Sabater. It is

WOODED AND WON IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR.

Hannah Veronica Reilly Tells of Her Painful Courtship.

Dr. Sabater Promised to Marry Her, She Says, but Broke His Word.

After Twelve Years It Dawned Upon Her That the Fascinating Dentist Had a Wife.

CASH THE ONLY SOOTHING BALM.

Says \$20,000 Will Repair the Break and Tells of Lockets, Bracelets, a Beautiful, Costly Ring, and a Lock of Hair.

She had been threatened with one billion kisses, and had received some of them on

timely probable, however, that the letters will be read to-day. Miss Reilly, still tearfully, proceeded to tell of more broken promises. She said that they included jewelry and lockets and a bracelet with two balls of gold. The bracelet, broken in two, was shown in court with dramatic effect.

"Did he ever send you a lock of hair?" inquired Lawyer Hummel. "Yes. It was while he was in Havana. It came in a letter. In this he said that as he could not be with me he wished me to possess something that had been a part of him."

One day, she added, while she and a Mrs. Smith were leaving their home to meet the doctor a carriage was driven up to the curb and a handsome woman alighted. She ran up to Miss Reilly and told her she must not meet the doctor any more, and with a vigorous warning, disappeared. That woman, whose identity has not yet been established, is supposed to be Mrs. Sabater. Miss Reilly claims the doctor told her that the unknown was the woman from whom he had been divorced.

Miss Reilly said she had from week to week, month to month and years to year begged from the Doctor to keep his promise, but all in vain. "Have patience, dear, have patience," was the only satisfaction she obtained.

It was only after the lapse of two years, Miss Reilly declared, with a fresh burst of tears, that she learned he was a married man. The case will be resumed this morning.

WANNIECK'S POOR POISON. The Young Frenchman, Now Free and Rich, Victimized Many Washington Merchants.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 6.—The announcement in the Journal yesterday that

WALKED THE STREET IN DEATH'S AGONY.

Lottie Robitille Drank Carbollic Acid in a Glass of Soda Water.

She Leaves the Store Without Giving a Sign of Her Intense Sufferings.

Was Determined to Kill Herself and Refused to Take an Antidote.

FOUND BLOCKS AWAY IN A DOORWAY.

Was Out of Work and Despondent, and Her Friends Say She Had No Serious Love Affair.

Lottie Robitille, a handsome, well-dressed woman, twenty years old, walked for a

dozen blocks down Third avenue yesterday afternoon after having swallowed a bottle of carbollic acid. Her home was with her widowed mother and several brothers and sisters, at No. 341 East Thirty-first street. She was desperately determined to kill herself and, in spite of being weak and frail, showed a remarkable freedom of purpose and grim endurance.

At 3 o'clock she went into a confectionery store at Fifty-seventh street and Third avenue and asked for a glass of soda water. Into the soda she stealthily poured the contents of a small bottle of carbollic acid. She then got up, paid her check, and walked steadily out of the store.

The pain was agonizing, but for a time she made no sign. She shut her lips firmly and walked desperately on. But even her endurance had a limit, and after walking for seven blocks she began to stagger and reel. Finally, blinded and dizzy, she groped her way to a step in front of No. 730 Third avenue and sank upon it in a state of collapse.

Persisted in a Wish to Die. Policeman Burns came up, and to him the girl feebly muttered that she had swallowed the acid. He picked her up and carried her in his arms to a nearby drug store, but there she refused to let them give her an emetic. They had to force her to swallow it. She said she wanted to die, and was determined to do so, but she refused to give any reason for her act.

An ambulance had meanwhile been summoned, and the girl was taken to Flower Hospital. It was at first thought that she would surely die, but later the doctors reported that she would recover, unless there should be some unexpected turn for the worse.

At the hospital the girl still refused to give any reason for her act. At her board, however, it was learned that she has been out of work and has been unable to find anything to do. The mother is compelled to work every day to get money for the family's support. She knew nothing of her daughter's attempt at suicide until she returned home at 9 o'clock. Then her grief was pitiable. She sobbingly declared that her daughter's only trouble was that she had been out of work most of the time for the past six months, and that she was sure that she had no love affair.



Working Woman's Social Club.

They have fine quarters at No. 312 West Fifty-fourth street, and are backed by a number of rich patronesses. They hold social meetings and listen to playing on the piano and to recitations and drink tea. Only house servants are eligible to membership.

Yesterday and began a course of practical talks which will continue on Tuesdays and Fridays through November. She has been engaged by New York women of social prominence, who are back of the new Working Women's Social Club, which has its home in the Amity Building, No. 312 West Fifty-fourth street.

The patronesses of the Servant Girls' Club are such women as Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. William Evans, Mrs. Charles S. Fairchild, Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, Miss Rachel Kennedy, Mrs. Robert Abbe, Mrs. A. W. Bliss, Mrs. E. L. Godkin, Mrs. D. Willis James, Dr. Elizabeth Cushman and Miss Helen Weston. The girls in whom they are interested are nearly 400 in number, and the social organization into which they have formed themselves is the most original in all the world.

Every member is a servant girl. It is not imperative that she have a place, though she must be willing to take one, in case the free employment office connected with the club sees fit to send her out.

The clubrooms take up much of the space on the second floor of the Amity Building, and are nicely arranged. Everything has been so fixed that there may be no need of spending dreary evenings below stairs, finishing up an unduly large ironing by the flickering glare of a gas jet turned down to a foot in three hours by a thrifty housewife.

In an easy chair, with a cup of tea steaming at her elbow, the serving girl is prepared to give her whole mind to subjects waiting since eternity began for settlement. Why, for instance, the every other Thursday and the every other Sunday? Why the carrying up of breakfasts to women too tired to come down, when they can shop for more than the legal number of hours a day and dance till time for the next day to begin? Why—well, everybody knows the whys that might be asked as are limitless as time.

It need not be thought the Servant Girls' Club goes in for every other Thursday and every other Sunday meetings. Wednesday is plenty good enough, thank you. Wednesday is a matinee day, and in other ways is perfectly satisfactory. Wednesday is the day, and it is also the night. The business meetings are held on the second and fourth Wednesdays, and the night of the fourth Wednesday is the official club night.

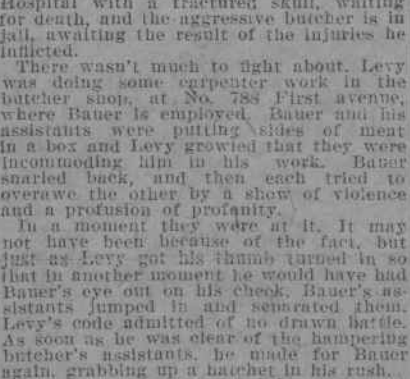
Club night is worth remembering through a whole month of dull routine of washing, ironing, scrubbing and pie building. On these nights the serving girl puts on her wonder of a bonnet, or her hat of the size and shape of a Government kite, and all her other fine things to match, and nimbly and characteristically her small sisters of Sorosis. And what times they do have at the club—the playing of the piano, the singing of the latest opera, the recitation, with and without dialect, and the tea that is there to be drunk. Tea is the outside mark, as to drinkables, and vinegar is barred by the constitution, both written and physical.

Another point: To these girls, delivered from bondage for the moment, no oppressive rules stand. Most clubs allow the Board of Directors to have a large say about matters. Not so here. To quote from the rules, "The Board of Trustees shall always be subordinate to the club in session, and its action may be annulled by a vote of two-thirds of the members." That's the talk. Later the constitution provides that if a trustee fails to attend three consecutive meetings without excuse she may be denounced.

The dues are reasonable—25 cents a month—and a girl who can't get the cut of the head of the house for more than that would not cut much figure in the club, if she belonged. Another point: In all business meetings seven constitutes a quorum, so that along Fifth avenue, where seven servants are not unusual, the house crowd can

organize and do business without outside help. It was announced at the meeting yesterday, and the news was received with cheers, that a kind patroness had promised to donate to the club a cottage at Bath Beach, and that the deed was almost ready to be transferred. It is now understood that all members of the club will demand summer vacations, and that there will be luxurious times along the shores of Gravesend Bay. The house contains twelve rooms, so that at least two dozen can be entertained at once.

Bath Beach was gay during the heated term this year, but next year promises to be a record breaker. When the members of the Servant Girls' Club get in the suit



The complainant against the sixteen-year-old girl was Robert A. Cutting, the wealthy clubman, who achieved fame by becoming the husband of Minnie Seligman, the actress, and the charge was the larceny of



Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Cutting's Maids. This young girl, who confessed to taking about \$12 worth of trinkets from her employers, was yesterday permitted to go free, under suspension of sentence. She had testified that she was obliged to polish the boots of Mr. Cutting, as well as those of his wife. Her employers failed to appear against her in court.

some of his wife's knick-knacks, the total value of which amounted to \$12.96. The girl is the daughter of a coachman, but the generous rich man and woman took an interest in her, and made her Mrs. Seligman's maid, and paid her \$8 a month.

All she had to do to earn this princely salary and her employers' approbation was to: Do the kitchen work. Polish Mrs. Cutting's boots. Polish Mrs. Cutting's boots. Make the beds.



off Fort Lowry Hotel the sharks, in the water and on the hotel piazzas, will be kept busy.

DID NOT MEAN TO KILL HIM. This is All Little Peter Freese Says About the Death of Willie McGowan.

Peter Freese, the thirteen-year-old boy who, on Wednesday last, stabbed and killed his ten-year-old playmate, Willie McGowan, in the court lot at One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Amsterdam avenue, was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court yesterday morning and remanded to the custody of the coroner. He was taken from the Police Court to the Criminal Courts building, where Coroner Fitzpatrick committed him to the care of the Society for the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency until the inquest, which will probably be held on November 13.

Young Freese's mother met him at the coroner's office, and the greeting between them was pathetic. The boy did not make any statement to the coroner, because he was not called upon to do so, but to others he was perfectly willing to give his version of the accident, as he called it.

"I had no reason to kill Willie," he said, "and did not know I had done so until some of the boys told me. The whole thing was an accident, for which no one is more sorry than myself. Just exactly how it occurred I don't know, but I do know that I didn't mean to kill Willie, who was a nice boy."

This is all the statement Peter was allowed to make before being turned over to the Society for the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency.

FUNERAL OF JOHN H. INMAN.

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